

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME IV.

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NUMBER 33

## How Bobbie Came Back.

A CABLEGRAM has just gone oversea to Rome announcing to a friend of George H. Mifflin glad tidings with Cæsarlike brevity. It reads, "Bobbie back." That, by the way, might make an excellent title for a mystery story, if Mr. Mifflin were in the habit of publishing fiction of the type. At any rate, it marks the ending, if not the solution, of a mystery in which he and scores of his acquaintances have been interested for the past ten months.

It may be stated here at the outset that Bobbie is a Boston terrier. The pith of this relation lies in his being "back." How he came to be "back" nobody knows exactly. Where he was when he was not "back" is sufficiently puzzling for any detective. Why he should go anywhere to come "back" from, probably will never be explained.

The full circumstances of the Odyssey of Bobbie cannot be learned, for Bobbie's best manner of conversation, the wagging of a stump of a tail, is not particularly lucid. Of the disappearance of Bobbie, of the tireless search for him and of his final return, a nonchalant prodigal, the details are known and are here published for the first time.

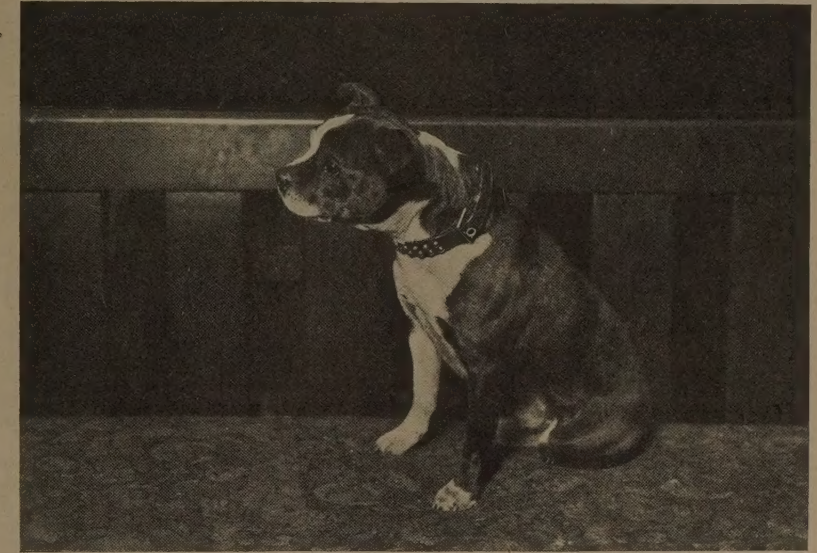
To begin with, Bobbie came to Mr. Mifflin out of the everywhere into here. In a word, he was found, a waif of the streets, taken to the Animal Rescue League, and there through his winning personality so endeared himself to Mr. Mifflin that he became a member of the latter's household in Marlboro Street.

There was a certain affectionate reserve about Bobbie, coupled with a dash of the hunting spirit and a willingness to debate any question with other dogs of high or low degree and of all sizes and weights, that commanded respect and sympathy. He became well beloved in the Mifflin household and in the offices of the Houghton Mifflin Company on Park Street, whither he accompanied his master every day, keeping regular business hours.

To all outward appearances he was a model of dogs. He seemed delighted with his home and with the literary atmosphere of his days. Then the *Wanderlust*, or something, entered the canine heart. One night, ten months ago, Mr. Mifflin opened his door at eleven o'clock to give Bobbie a whiff of air, and out went Bobbie, unmindful of all summonses. Bobbie had gone back to the everywhere.

Such behavior on the part of his pet puzzled his owner, and, although it was then late, Mr. Mifflin called up the Union Club to learn that a terrier much like Bobbie in appearance had been seen sniffing at the staid portals of that organization. Believing that Bobbie might have gone to the office again, Mr. Mifflin donned hat and coat and journeyed to Park Street. There was no Bobbie.

It was then that the search began. It was then that the police, dog fanciers, possible dog thieves and all Mr. Mifflin's friends took up the hunt for Bobbie without avail. Mr. Mifflin knows the value of advertising,



BOBBIE.

and he sought the services of the *Herald*. He offered a reward; he stated the points of his dog; he solicited co-operation.

Strange to say, there were few answers. Mr. Mifflin wondered, and finally consulted an expert. Said the expert:—

"If you wish to appeal to dog thieves, you must seek a medium which appeals to dog thieves. Dog thieves do not read the *Herald*."

The advice seemed good, and his advertisement was placed elsewhere, where it would meet the eye of the sort of persons he wished to interest.

Letters began to flow into the office of Mr. Mifflin. His days and nights were full of futile journeys. He sought out dark places which his correspondents indicated. He entered devious byways, obscure tenements and back alleys. He saw many dogs of the Boston terrier persuasion, but no Bobbie.

One letter postmarked Taunton came to him printed as by the hand of a conspirator. It gave the address as that of a private box in the Taunton post-office. Taunton-ward Mr. Mifflin fared with a detective. They found the box, only to discover that it was the property of the Taunton insane asylum.

Odd voices called Mr. Mifflin on the telephone. One insisted that Bobbie was found. There was no doubt of it, said the owner of the voice. The markings were the same. The only out about it was that the founding was distinctly feminine. Mr. Mifflin asserted the undoubted masculinity of Bobbie.

"What difference does that make?" shouted the voice. "This is your dog."

The seeker hung up the receiver disconsolately.

The reward was marked up to \$50, but

there were no results. Every dog fancier in the city was visited. The police were notified. Mr. Mifflin's friends became a band of amateur detectives.

Nobody was sure of escaping suspicion. One lady informed Mr. Mifflin that she was convinced that Bobbie was in the possession of a distinguished clergyman. She did not wish to reflect on anybody's reputation, but facts were facts. She whispered and others whispered, and the story only found rest when Mr. Mifflin made it plain that the dog of the divine was not Bobbie.

A Boston terrier was killed in the Fenway by an automobile. From two distinct sources Mr. Mifflin was informed of the accident. He jumped into his automobile, located the remains in the midst of a group of curious boys, after scrambling down an embankment. It wasn't Bobbie.

Thus month after month passed, and Mr. Mifflin gave up hope of ever seeing Bobbie alive. Then the miracle happened—Bobbie returned; returned as if nothing had happened; returned and took up the threads of his career where he left them without even a casual reference to aphasia.

The way of it was remarkable. For some time it has been the practice of the Houghton Mifflin Company to send one of the boys to the post-office for the firm's mail, and it chanced that one of the newer employees was chosen for the task. The bag for the mail, however, was the same that had always been used.

As the boy made his way along the crowded sidewalks of Washington Street he noticed a little brown terrier with white markings sniffing curiously at the bag. He felt a tug at the leg of his trousers at the heel, and



then another. The dog stopped, wagged his tail, and then followed. Up Bromfield Street, across Tremont and into Park, went the boy, the mail bag, and the dog.

At the door of the Houghton Mifflin Company the boy paused, shooed his chance friend away, and closed the door in his face. The visitor would not be rebuffed. He stood on the steps, balanced characteristically on three legs, and waited.

Somebody else came along, opened the door again, and in darted the terrier. Up the stairs he went and waited again. The inner door opened, and again the dog went in. There may be ninety and nine or ninety times nine Boston terriers in and about the business district, but to the employees of the Houghton Mifflin Company there is only one Bobbie.

He was no stranger to them. No other dog had his pleasant manners. To be sure, he was somewhat travel-stained, but still the same. No prodigal ever received a warmer welcome as he moved sedately through the outer offices to the sanctum of Mr. Mifflin. There he paused, looked up at his master, and flourished the stump of tail. Bobbie was back,—that expresses it.

Now you may see him any day taking his ease on a cushion in front of the large fireplace in Mr. Mifflin's office, wagging his ears and looking wise. What have been his wanderings he alone knows.

There are many things that still puzzle Mr. Mifflin: Why his collar was changed; why those who had him did not return him to the address on his old collar; why he returned when he did, and a lot of other whys. It's all a mystery, no doubt; but then, there is rejoicing in the Mifflin household, and it is enough that—Bobbie's back.—*Boston Herald*.

God made all the creatures and gave them  
our love and our fear,  
To give sign we and they are his children,  
one family here.

ROBERT BROWNING.

### Sometimes.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

SOMETIMES I think it would be nice  
To be a little bug,  
And have within the shady grass  
A wee home, neat and snug;

To climb out on a blade of grass,  
And bend it up and down,  
To have the grass seem just like trees  
In some great forest brown.

Sometimes I think it would be nice  
To be a happy bird,  
And in the tipmost top of trees  
Sway when they were stirred;

And then go sailing over them  
As one would o'er a sea,  
With tops below you looking like  
Green waves all billowy.

Sometimes I think it would be nice  
To be a little frog,  
And swim and dive just where I wished  
From some big, steady log.

But after all, most all the time  
I do not long or sigh  
To be a bug, a bird, or frog;  
I'm glad that I am I!

### Robert and the Prize.

BY FRANCES HARMER.

THERE had been an epidemic of being late at school for two weeks. Miss Dunning, the teacher, was almost in despair. Besides the unpunctuality itself, which was quite bad enough, the children were growing careless about reproof, careless about loss of marks. Miss Dunning set her wits to work. They generally worked to some purpose.

Monday morning came. Of the seventeen children who made Miss Dunning's class, six were quite on time, five ran in breathlessly at the last moment, and the remaining number came in from one to six minutes late. But Miss Dunning said not a word. The children looked at each other. What could her silence mean?

"She's going to keep us in at recess!" whispered Tom Wordsley to Jim Blunt. They had been the last to arrive.

But, when Miss Dunning spoke, this is what she said:

"A gentleman is coming to talk to us all, fifteen minutes after recess."

The children speculated all through recess, and for once they wanted that delightful period to pass more quickly than it did. However, fifteen minutes dragged themselves away, and he came—tall, and gray-haired, and kind-eyed.

"I understand that you are coming late to school, a good many of you," he said, after a chat on other matters. "Now, will it help you if I promise a packet with something nice inside it to every boy who hasn't missed once in the next three weeks?"

The children were of opinion it would help very much!

The next morning found seventeen small boys and girls struggling to get in first. So did the morning after that, and the morning after that. Then one little girl came late, and so dropped out of the ranks. On succeeding mornings, others were just a little late, until Tom and Jim, and the youngest boy in that class, little Robert Carter, were the only ones competing for the prize.

About this time, the Principal inquired into matters. He offered no prize for punctuality! But he said just a few things that made every one in the class scurry along pretty fast in the mornings! The Principal was a man of his word!

Tom, Jim, and Robert never missed. And the three weeks passed by, at last—they took a long time about it—and on the Monday morning that began the fourth week, each boy was full of wonder and hope.

Tom was at the school gate at half-past eight, his breakfast in his hand. Jim came five minutes later. It seemed a long time before school was opened. By that time the roll-call list of pupils was all but complete; not quite, however. When Miss Dunning came to Robert Carter's name, there was no Robert Carter to answer!

Miss Dunning was very sorry. So were all the children. For Robert was a great favorite. He was always ready to share a stick of candy, or lend a marble. He had been one of those who didn't miss even before the prize was offered.

At ten minutes past nine he came in. He was a sorry sight! His shoes were wet and muddy. His knickerbockers were quite badly torn. He had a cut over his left eye, and a bruise on his chin. As for his collar, the less said the better!

"Robert!" cried Miss Dunning, severely. "You're late! And you're late because you've been fighting again!"

"Yes'm," said Robert, meekly. He was trembling a little, and he sat down rather suddenly.

Miss Dunning sent for some water, which he drank. Then she took him outside, and bathed his cut and very dirty face. When she came in, her arm was round him, and her eyes were very kind indeed.

But before the boys and girls could know what had happened, the gentleman came in, with three packets. You see, he had been kept posted, and up to that morning, there had been three punctual boys!

"Mr. Raymond," said Miss Dunning, "I am sorry to say that only two boys have never missed a mark. But Robert Carter, who came late this morning for the first time, was delayed because he found two boys, bigger than himself, about to drown a little dog! He saved the dog, and fought the boys."

All the children looked at Robert with admiration.

"One ran away pretty soon," said Robert, who felt uncomfortable at the notice he was exciting. "And the other isn't much bigger than I am."

The teacher and Mr. Raymond exchanged looks and smiled ever so slightly.

"I'm glad he saved the dog," answered the gentleman. "I hope the pleasure he felt at doing that will console him for the prize he has lost!"

"Please, sir," piped up Tom, "can't he have it just the same?"

"What was the prize for?" asked Mr. Raymond. "Answer, all of you."

"It was for being on time, all the time," chorused the class.

"Has Robert been on time all the time?"

"No, sir, but—" the class broke down.

"I think," said Miss Dunning, "that they want to say he did something better than being on time, this morning."

"Yes'm," chorused the class again.

"But I didn't offer a prize for saving dogs," persisted Mr. Raymond. "Think it over, boys. Can I give a punctuality prize to Robert, honestly? A punctuality prize remember! Not a kindness prize, but a prize for being on time?"

The children looked at each other. Tom alone returned to the charge.

"Please, sir, can't you change that into a kindness prize?"

Mr. Raymond opened the third parcel. He took out a book, large, bound in red and gold, full of delightful pictures, as they saw when he ran his fingers over the leaves.

"For the boy who hasn't missed school," he read.

They shook their heads sadly. The logic was unanswerable.

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Raymond to Robert, "you're wishing you'd let the little dog alone?"

Robert remembered the mute agony in the dark, dog eyes; the quivering little body he had held as he ran home to safety with the rescued little animal; the eager licking of his face by a grateful little tongue. And he said:

"No, sir, I don't. I'd like the book," his eyes dwelt wistfully for a moment on the red and gold cover, "but I like the dog more."

Mr. Raymond looked round the school.

"Hasn't Robert something better than a prize, boys?" he demanded.

They almost shouted: "Yes, sir."



"Miss Dunning, take this book," said Mr. Raymond. "If Robert can be punctual for another three weeks, he may have it then."

He laid the book down, and walked over to Robert.

"Shake hands, my young friend." He held out his hand as he spoke. "I'm proud to call you my friend."

Robert smiled, as he laid a still grimy little paw into the gentleman's hand.

"That's a prize, sir," he answered.

"Miss Dunning," said the gentleman, "I'm going to the Principal's room. I'm pretty sure he'll give a half holiday in honor of the boy who didn't win a prize."

And the Principal did!

### The Captive Turtle.

BY PEMBERTON H. CRESSEY.

THE little boy who tied me to this fence,  
Thrusting a gimlet through my spotted  
shell,

Meant me no cruelty; I heard him tell  
His playmates that a turtle has no sense.

This cord, though stout, is not unkindly  
meant;  
And here a mimic pool is set for me  
With bread-crumbs fodder; while folks  
stop to see  
How cozily my captive days are spent.

But nightly in my bed of grass I dream  
Of mud and stones and brookside hap-  
penings,  
Of old familiar sights and venturings  
Where flies buzz drowsily, and fishes teem;

And pray the God of turtles speed for me  
The day when older hands shall set me free.

### Indian Tales.

BY H. BEDFORD-JONES.

LONG ago, before the white men ever came to this country, there was a very famous being far up in the north, who was sometimes called Klote Skarp and sometimes Hugemow, "The Master." He was a very great and good man, was the friend of all the birds and animals, and both helped and was helped by them. The Indians farther south knew him as Hiawatha, and those in the west under various other names.

But in those far-off days the animals were not as they now are. Some were larger and some were smaller; and, as they always came to Hugemow for justice, he changed their shapes and sizes to enable them to get along better with every one.

Hugemow saw that Pisew, the lynx, was not well fitted for existence, for he had a bright red coat like the fox and small, horny feet. Pisew was always making complaint because when he walked through the woods his feet rustled the leaves, and his flaring color always betrayed him, so that he continually went hungry. Therefore Hugemow gave him a soft gray coat, almost invisible, made his feet large and padded them with fur, and gave him a keen scent.

Then Wapoos, the rabbit, immediately set up complaint that his black fur betrayed him to the shadowy Pisew. As Pisew was so much larger than Wapoos, Hugemow decided to make another change. So he gave Wapoos a brown coat to wear in summer



Photo by William Ludlum, Jr.

### The Friendly Hunter.

THE hunting season soon arrives,  
When I will go a-gunning,  
And birds and beasts, both large and small,  
Who see me, start a-running.

So brave am I, I'd face them all;  
My nerves would never flutter;  
I'd shoot and shoot and never miss,  
When once I clicked the shutter.

I do not shoot with gun, oh, no!  
Nor yet with bow and arrow;  
I wouldn't harm a single thing,  
Not even one small sparrow.

I shoot, 'tis true, but just for fun,  
And when I speak of gunning,  
A camera is my only gun,  
And I am just a-funning.

JUNIOR WILLUD.

and a white one for winter. He also made him very keen-witted, because Pisew is the most foolish of all animals; and after that affairs were more evenly balanced.

As long as Hugemow lived among them there was peace among the animals, none of them hunted each other, and all of them were unafraid of man. But one winter Pisew was very hungry, for it was a time of famine. Hitherto he had not dared hunt Wapoos or any other animals, because he was afraid of Hugemow. But, as he was a treacherous beast, he one day chanced across Kakwa, the porcupine, and pounced on him, thinking no one was looking. As Kakwa had no bristles at that time, Pisew made a meal of him, and slunk home. But Papastao, the woodpecker, had seen the evil deed, and he flew away to Hugemow. The Master summoned Pisew in great rage, for Lynx had broken the law of kindness, and Hugemow determined to leave the country.

In spite of all protest, he kept his decision. Before he went he gave Pisew a mark of shame,—two long pointed ears and a mustache like a cat's, so that all the woods animals would know him and shun him, as they do even to this day. To Kakwa he gave long bristles that would protect him. He showed Apikooses, the little wood-mouse, how to burrow and twist about beneath the ground so that even Sikak, the skunk, could not find him.

Moakwa, the loon, had always accompanied Hugemow when he was out destroying the great evil beasts, which were completely wiped out, and when Hugemow came to go away he had to part with Moakwa. But the Loon was inconsolable, and wandered all around calling to the Master. He never found him, but still Moakwa wanders through the world, ever calling his lonely,

sad cry: "Where are you? Where are you? Oooooee!"

This is what the Indians say about some of the birds and beasts. It may not be true, but if the Indians do not know, who does?

### "Mussentouchit."

THERE was one word the little girl heard many times a day and couldn't imagine what it was, says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. The word was Mussentouchit. Baby wondered who Mussentouchit could be. The strange thing lived in the bureau drawers; it lived in the sewing machine; it lived in the tall jar that stood on the little round table; it certainly lived in the glass globe where the goldfish swam.

This went on till baby was two years old. Mussentouchit was everywhere,—in the shining books on the parlor table; in the flower beds; among the roses; even in mamma's work-basket the strange thing lived; and, if baby took up a reel of silk or cotton, there was Mussentouchit.

One day baby found herself by the glass globe all alone. The family were very busy, and for a few minutes forgot the little prying, restless darling.

This was her chance. Up went the chubby legs into the chair that stood near the goldfish globe. Poised on the rounding cushion, baby reached far over to touch the goldfish. In reaching she lost her balance and fell, dragging the globe to the floor. There was a crash, a scream, a rush, and mamma was on the spot. Baby was picked up, kissed, and scolded.

"I dess I killed old Mussentouchit 'is time!" she said, shaking herself and walking off.

*The Continent.*



## THE BEACON.

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## From the Editor to You.

Foreigners. One day there was a great sound of yelling and shouting from the street in front of my home. It was so unusual in our quiet section of the city that I hurried to the door to see what was happening. Boys and girls of different ages, from good homes, trained in the schools, Sunday schools, and churches of our city, were acting like a mob. They had followed a cart that was loaded with junk—scraps of iron, broken wheels and bars, rusty wire and springs. They had pulled a few of these things off the load into the street. The driver had stopped his horse and was trying to recover the lost articles. The crowd was hooting and jeering, tormenting the driver, throwing dirt and sod at him. What was the reason for their bad behavior? It was not anything unusual about the cart or horse. They had seen many loads of junk. It was the sight of the driver which had started the trouble. He was a Japanese lad, no older than many of those who were teasing and troubling him. In that region where Orientals were rarely seen, he was an object of derision to American children just because he was different,—"queer," "slant-eyed," "a foreigner."

That is an easy mistake, to set ourselves up as the standard and judge the clothes, the looks, the ways of dwellers in another land, by ourselves. We should learn to do better than that. A boy is a boy, with a human heart like yours, whether he was born in Japan or India or China or America. The Editor hopes that our Beacon Scholarships for India have done something to widen the sympathy of our child readers for children in other lands. Mr. Sunderland has told us about some of the Japanese Sunday schools so vividly that we could almost hear the little people sing their songs, speak pieces in their own language, and give the doll play. We have heard too about the students in Calcutta and the ways of some of the little folks in India. Shall we remember the first two of the five points of "Our Faith," THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD, THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN, and see that boys and girls in the far-away lands are our brothers and sisters just because God is the Father of us all?

Our Scholarship Fund up to May 1 of this year, by a personal contribution of 56 cents, has reached \$190.00. Another College scholarship of \$25.00 has been sent to Calcutta, and we have on hand \$10.00 toward a second scholarship. Will not some of our schools make further contributions to this fund before the summer vacation time comes?

## THE BEACON CLUB.

[Letters for this department must be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed to Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.]

WEST UPTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a little girl eight years old, and I go to Sunday school every Sunday. Our teacher's name is Miss Wood, and we like her very much. I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club. We have nine in our class.

Yours sincerely,

LUCY I. ROBINSON.

ALBEMARLE, N.C.

My dear Miss Buck,—There is no Unitarian Church anywhere near us, so we go to the Methodist Sunday school, but we wish there was a Unitarian Church here. A friend sends me *The Beacon* and, oh, how we do enjoy it! I just watch the mail for it each week. I have four sisters and three brothers. We live on a small farm seven miles from Albemarle. I wish I was a member of the Beacon Club, but I do not know how to start. We can only go to free school.

Yours sincerely,

GERTRUDE SWARINGEN.

(Age 14.)

## RECREATION CORNER

## ENIGMA LXV.

I am composed of 19 letters.  
My 11, 9, 12, 13, 1, 1, 10, is a plant.  
My 14, 5, 6, is a part of the body.  
My 8, 7, 4, 15, is the past tense of a downward step.  
My 3, 9, 13, 19, is a name for soil.  
My 16, 2, 14, 4, is a price or a tax levied.  
My 19, 17, 13, 11, a food used to give strength.  
My 6, 18, 19, 5, a kind of play.  
My whole is often merry.

F.

## ENIGMA LXVI.

I am composed of 9 letters.  
My 3, 4, 7, 8, is to jump.  
My 6, 7, 3, 8, 9, is a proper name.  
My 5, 7, 3, 4, is what sailors dread.  
My 1, 2, 7, is a beverage.  
My whole is a rapid transmitter of news.

## TWISTED CITIES OF NEW ENGLAND.

1. Hecstmmnea.
2. Tgausaa.
3. Sweortre.
4. Fiptsdilte.
5. Glrsindiepl.
6. Ibrtgonlun.
7. Uptstmhoo.
8. Vlwieletar.

ELIZABETH PETTINGILL.

## MORE HIDDEN COUNTRIES.

1. The spirit of a Hampden marked his speech.
2. Can a day ever be recalled?
3. Our dog, Muff, ran certainly ten miles.
4. The papers, I am sure, are here.
5. He caught both the bear and the cub at last.
6. In this car men, I am told, cannot smoke.
7. Papa, lest I need it, give me more money.
8. Sebastopol and Constantinople are large cities.
9. You must sail into the port or I could not land.
10. They crossed the abyss in, I am told, an aeroplane.
11. He is a convict or I am mistaken.
12. The poor beau's trials were amusing.

E. A. C.

## CHARADE.

My first is worn by young and old  
In nearly every land;  
My second is a color bright,  
And may make for my first a band.  
My whole is seldom just or right,  
And small respect can command.

Youth's Companion.

## Young Contributors' Department.

## HOW I EARNED MY FIRST DOLLAR.

BY GENEVIEVE BULLOCK.

The glaring footlights of the big stage sent their light over the vast theatre. It was my dream night; my graduation from grammar school. The girls were all in a flutter in their white dresses, and even the boys showed signs of nervousness. There I sat in the front row. When the curtain went up amid the applause from the hundreds of people in front of me I tried to smile to scare away the trembly feeling. The orchestra played and one of my school-mates recited "Columbus." Then I knew it was my turn. The principal read my name and I went forward. I could see that sea of faces and it made my legs tremble under me. My paper shook so I could scarcely read. How I kept my eyes glued to that paper, and what a sigh of relief I gave when it was over! Soon the last thing on the programme, the awarding of prizes, came. I didn't dream of taking one. How I clapped when my friends around me took prizes. My name! Could it be true? Yes, he surely said it for the Prize History composition.

I knew my bow was stiff but what did I care! I only knew I had earned it; that my hours of research were repaid. I only thought of what mother and father would say. There it lay; the shining gold piece in a little white box tied with the school colors, not knowing what happiness it brought.

## A GEOGRAPHICAL STORY.

In Two Parts.

Part I.

While waiting in the depot for a west-bound train I fell in conversation with a young lady who seemed to be very (1), *islands west of S. A.* She gave her name as (2), *a river in the northwestern part of Siberia*, (3), *an island south of England.*

After conversing with her for some time the train arrived and I bade her (4), *a cape at the southeastern extremity of Greenland.*

After seating myself in the car I looked across to the seat opposite me and there was my friend. The moment she saw me she came across the car and sat down in the seat with me.

She had a great many bundles, among which was a very queer-looking one. Upon questioning her I found it contained a cow's (5), *a cape off the southern extremity of South America*, which she was taking to her cousin. She also had a lunch-basket. She opened it and asked me to eat something, but I refused, for I saw that the basket enclosed a (6), *islands off the southwestern coast of N. A.*, and some fried (7), *a cape off the northeastern coast of the U. S.*, and a bottle of (8), *a river in the northern part of Montana*, and some (9), *a city in the southwestern part of Spain*. She also carried a bird-cage, which had a (10) *islands off the northwestern coast of Africa*, in it.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 31.

ENIGMA LXI.—The Golden Rule.

ENIGMA LXII.—Manchester.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—N A R R O W

A R M A D A

P A T E N T

O R A C L E

L I T T E R

E N A M E L

O V E R D O

N U N C I O

BIRD-GUESSING CONTEST.—1. Bluebird. 2. Cuckoo. 3. Kingfisher. 4. Whippoorwill. 5. Phoebe. 6. Quail. 7. Pigeon. 8. Sparrow. 9. Robin. 10. Oriole.

A RIDDLE.—March.

## Young Contributors' Department.

Open only to members of the Beacon Club under eighteen years of age. Conditions which must be observed will not again be published, but will be sent to any one writing for them and enclosing two-cent stamp.

## SUBJECTS.

[Prose offered must not exceed three hundred words; verse, not more than twenty lines. Puzzles must be original with the sender, with no two in of the same kind, and must be accompanied by answers and indorsement.]

Group X. Must be received before September 1.

1. Story or Essay: "My Best Summer Vacation."

2. Verse: "At Grandpa's Farm."

3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.